

# Damien Jurado, Letters And Drawings

Goodbye angel  
Hands in your pockets  
Maybe tomorrow  
Maybe you'll come back sometime  
She boards a Greyhound  
With a ticket to Jersey  
A gray colored backpack  
Full of all her belongings

A kiss from the window  
Tells me she loves me  
And how she's sending  
Letters and drawings  
But the letters never came

So I waited by the phone  
To hear it ring  
Waited by the phone  
To hear it ring  
Waited by the phone  
To hear it ring

Goodbye angel  
Hands in your pockets  
Maybe tomorrow  
Maybe you'll call me sometime  
Small towns to cities  
She one day calls me  
Tells me that she's married  
I took it badly

Moments of silence  
Sounds of her laughing  
"When are you sending  
Letters and drawings?"

But the letters never came  
So I waited by the phone  
To hear it ring  
Waited by the phone  
To hear it ring  
Waited by the phone  
To hear it ring

Goodbye angel  
Hear you're successful  
Maybe tomorrow  
Maybe you'll come back sometime  
Hands in your pockets  
Here's where you left me  
Only with memories  
When we were just 16

But the letters never came  
So I waited by the phone  
To hear it ring  
Waited by the phone  
To hear it ring  
Waited by the phone  
To hear it ring  
Waited by the phone  
To hear it ring